THE SILENT SPRING

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

QUIET afternoon hour in Did. sey Drier's barroom in Bolima. Old Mul Akers was there and Tollier Dip. Dipsey himself was present; also a tall stranger, who sat apart at a table in the shadows. This stranger didn't appear to have the remotest interest in the talk of the others, which was mainly about a former citizen of Bolima who had disappeared—a young man they called David, who had brought a lot of raw gold to town one morning, saying he had found a rich lode on the other side of the foothills. This young David had promised to let his fellow-citizens of Bolima in on digsings adjacent to his claim. He had "sold" some very rich mineral for currency of the realm and left for San Diego to get a pack and work outfit, but he hadn't been heard of in several months.

Mul Akers now spoke: "Davey didn't look like he just come in from the mountains when he comes here with his first stack. Lhears Mr. Rob Travis say in the assay office that Davey's stack don't look like no gold he's seen on this side of the bor

"Gold, is gold." said Didsey.
"She sure is," said old Mul. "An'
sure scarce and retiring by nature. But there was crushin' already done on that stuff Davey brings in, not one-man hammers, but machine work There's some big mines over in Mex ico that transport their stuff half cleaned like that from the mountains to the mills-

"Our Davey!" said Tollier Dip. Mexican pack train, an' I had my heart all set that he had found old McConachie's lost lode over in Haunted valley."

"I'm sayin' as what Mr. Travis says." Mul answered patiently. "Also Mr. Travis says: 'Dave Ilcomb was in a hurry when he was here and kept pullin' up his shirt collar to cover a bullet scar in his throat.' That scar might have somethin, to do with a man bein' peaked—like Davey

Then over at Bidyard's, where Mr. Travis boards, he happens to hear the man holdin' up the day coach was hot in the neck by a ranger from

"But the train gang run off the handits outside that night and there wasn't a dollar taken from the ex-press or mail cars," said Tollier Dip. The man inside, workin' on the pas sengers of the day coach, didn't away with no three jack loads of rotten ripe ore." * * * *

THE tall stranger now came for ward from the shadows and diff. dently showed the badge of a forest

"Excuse me. gentlemen." he said, his words slightly muffled and im-peded. "My name is Billings. I am stationed on Little Topnot and I'd like to sit in to this conversation." Which is accorded," said Didsey

What sort of a tooking young man was this Davey you speak of? "He wasn't tall exceptional," Did-

"Nor short, either." said Tollier Dip. "He was smooth-faced and inno-cent," Didsey resumed, "and could ook up into your face winnin'-

"He wan't bad-looking, either," said

cas' backyard-"The young man I have reference to could shoot," said the ranger, clearing his voice. "He wasn't tall and he wasn't short. As to his being

You was on that train?" asked Tol. Her Dip.

"I was on that train," said the ranger. "I was in the back seat of that particular coach. The masked Deputy Drinkwater's mood was pouch and kidding the passengers ed: along as he took what they had. When he was a little less than half the way through the coach I lifted sudden from the seat and let drive one shot, which he ducked successful. Also, he fired back, making it advisable for me to loll behind the

Then you kidded him from behind the seat you had clim' back of." said Dip. "That is, according to

"Which is correct," said the ranger. "Neither of us had drawn blood by this time. I was figuring to get him before he got to me, and the bandit was figuring the same. His figures ranger began. worked out. He didn't wait for me to "I was mug begin. This that buzzes a little when I talk," indicating his upper lip, "isn't a birthmark. It was from one of that bandit's shots. His other shot I took to myself about as close to the place where I wear the ranger's badge as a nan can assimilate a forty-five slug for his operation, then turned me over about it. I ain't anny prouder iv and prosper much afterward." for the \$1,500 reward—" keepin' Lent thin I am iv keepin' clean. and prosper much afterward."
"But you got him after that—accord-

ing to the papers." breathed Tollier Dip "Yes, I registered in his neck, after I had been sentenced to three months in the hospital."

* * * * THERE was another silence before the ranger added:

"Of course, there isn't any com-parison as to which of those bullets hurts the most now."

"It don't look so bad, ranger. It was only at first I thought you had a hair-lip," said Mr. Dreir.

Mul Akers eased the tension: "I never could get it straight in my mind how the bandit got away that night, hard hit as he was; and about the follow who helped him-

"The man who helped him was Roger Dryden, the bank robber, of Pasadena, on his way to serve a ten-years' sentence at the pen in Barclay," said the ranger. "He was sit-ting in the middle of the car, mana-cled to Deputy Sheriff Drinkwater, when the bandit comes along and reeases him on general principles. This Dryden appears to be the sort who pays eash for a favor. I was on the was the sort of thing Ranger Billings floor by this time, but they tell me Roger Dryden fought his way out of fell for in spite of his disfigurement the sort of the sort of the disfigurement of the sort of the sort of the disfigurement of the sort of the sor the car for two. They ran onto a couple of horses outside and haven't been heard of since. All who saw the hold-up man after my last shot say that he couldn't possibly survive

that hole in the neck and live."
"If it was Dave Ilcomb who held up that train, he lived," said Mul "And, as I was sayin', Mr hole in the neck you speak of."



BILLINGS LISTENED-LOOKED DOWN TOWARD THE SPRING AND LISTENED. BILLINGS ALSO STUDIED THE MYSTERIOUS THING CALLED FIDELITY.

Ranger?

ed to be interested in his case." "I wouldn't like to be Dave Ilcomb, not with that fellow after me," mused to go on, that he was done for. When

"Gents, you'll sure have to excuse me abrupt. I'm takin' the stage for Pasadena in exactly twelve minutes."
On the same day Ranger Eillings sat at the door of his station as the sun went down and stared away off toward the sea. The legs of his chair

toward the sea. The legs of his chair dug into the disintegrated granite of Little Topnot's crest, over 8,000 feet high, and commanded a hundred miles of surrounding scenery. Back and a little north Big Top himself hunched up nearly 3,000 feet higher.

Billings had always had a laugh at life but the life but the life but the same afternoon in Judge Baker's court, on the sixth floor of the Sequoia building. Didsey Dreir was to the story of Roger Dryden's delivity but the legs with the form Bollma. Judge Baker, ery by his pal. The old story of the tree for our party. So long, pal."

A full minute after that, Ranger of the life but the legs with the sea. The legs of his chair dug into the disintegrated granite of Little Topnot's crest, over 8,000 feet other," Tollier Dip remarked impressible. "Till take a chance. Not on your life. I won't stop for a big feed over there in Callenge. Til be a hurry-in back here to our own poison-oak there from Bollma, Judge Baker. The bold-up was retold.

A full minute after that, Ranger of the life but the seas to other," Tollier Dip remarked impressible. The other, "Tollier Dip remarked impressible."

"Till take a chance. Not on your life. I won't stop for a big feed over there in Callenge. Til be a hurry-in back here to our own poison-oak there from Bollma, Judge Baker. The bold-up was retold.

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per, which his assistant had just brought up from the post office. After one long look at the front page he called:

"Put on what you've got handy, Tollier Dip.

"Could he shoot?" Ranger Billings
dark to get a stage for Pasadena,
"nquired suddenly.

"The shoot of the sh "Dave Ilcomb could shoot," said
Tollier Dip. "Didsey, you're not forgettin' as how he knocked the last
sheebutton off a rattler's tall in Luand he have the shoot off a rattler's tall in Luand he have the shoot off a rattler's tall in Lu-

young man came forward, filling his jovial and proprietary as he explain-

"Roger's been in the hands of a face specialist in New York-been peeled and reefed tight, so he looks like a movie queen, all but them gray eyes. They're just as cold and dangerous as ever, Ranger. The face scar we've been looking so hard for is gone. That face surgeon---

That face surgeon will get a case of poison tvy one of these days," Dry-Drinkwater left the cell for several

"I'm curious to know how they happened to get you in New York?" the

"I was mugged here after the bank affair—prints sent all over, offering on'y smokin' me seegars half through an' I take no sugar in me tay. Th' Lord give me stren'th to last till Lord give me stren'th to last till strength and the strength and wide open. A face specialist cleaned me up. He took \$600 cash from me

for the \$1,500 reward——"
"Staggers a man's faith in the human family-a chap like that," said Ranger Billings.

Dryden glanced at him with a queer, dry smile, but saw that the ranger more than half meant what he to find fault with th' wurruld.

said.
"What did you come for, Ranger?" Dryden asked.
"I haven't been able to forget that

"You mean that masked young per-

son is dead?" "I didn't know there was any doubt about that," Dryden said.

If there was a secret back of Dryden's words there was not a flick or

quiver of a tissue in his face to betray what he knew.
Billings hated a thief, but he hated the face specialist sort more, right now. Dryden faced ten years' oblivior at Barclay. If the holdup party wasn't really dead, and Dryden was quietly insisting he was, to keep a pal more safely at large—well, this was the sort of thing Ranger Billings hear him talk about nine o'clock on hundred an' seventy ain't out yet,' an'

the girl waiting in Iowa.

Of course, after he had The rest of his bandit crowd outside had been driven off by the post office Rob Trayis sees the remains of that clerks and express messengers, but

"What you goin' to do about it, horse was the kid's. The other belong-anger?" Tollier Dip inquired. ed to the bandit they got outside. We Dreir's hoarse voice close to his ear: "That train robber spoiled me," the hadn't ridden far before I had to stop ranger answered slowly. "I feel call- and tie the kid onto his saddle. I had to tie up his neck, too. Later I heard him whispering-whispering for me some one bring up the old subject of Tollier Dip, after the ranger had I stopped a little while after that he the Transcon train robbery, and how backed out of the barroom.

> "It was dark, a couple of hours before daybreak. It was a pebbly hollow I left him in-like an arroyo." "Could you go there again?"

"Only by luck," Dryden said quiet-"I didn't know the country."

Bittings had always had a laugh at life, but the laugh was gone. His upper lip was a broken thatch. I didn't grin when the rest of his face did. Also there was a girl in lowal waiting to be sent for, but no girl could live with that sitting opposite at her table—not on a ranger's sal- bank robber standing between Prink at the ranger standing between Prink and licomb, their adamantine lovalty is forchead with his sleeve. His enemies had been delivered into

Transcon train. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and the same voice said: mor connected with the valley, so permor connected with the valley, so permore tradition, was your style and would hae to have to

your style and would have to have to put you on sick report again."

EXT morning Billings sat with Deputy Sheriff Drinkwater and Deputy Sheriff Drinkwater and deputy on the other side of Dryden ducked back reports in the with hands raised. Dryden ducked and he wasn't sliort. As to his being amfable. I couldn't state, because he had a mask on at the time—I refer to the bandit on a Transcon day coach eastbound on the Ragged Wren grade," said the ranger.

Chairs drew nearer.

Chairs drew deared.

Chairs drew dear

you didn't have enough upper lip to

—excuse me if the subject's pain
ful——"

"You've changed yourself, Mr. Dryden," Billings said.

"You've changed yourself, Mr. Dry
den," Billings said.

"Not a man in the nouse lent spring. He had counted on nndstill again this night, but dark lagain this night, but dark loss of the spring one of the spring opened up like suspicious, but I note that you reached

"What you goin' to do, ranger?"

Dryden asked dully.

"What you goin' to do, ranger?"

T'm takin' you up the ravine a suspicious, but I note that you reached indulgently. "Excuse me for being indulgently. "Excuse me for being opened up like suspicious, but I note that you reached indulgently."

Tollier Dip, after the ranger had backed out of the barroom.

Three weeks later Didsey Preir I couldn't get the lariat loose, so I stared at the front page of yester-day's paper from Los Angeles, and what he saw there caused him to announce to those present:

"Gents, you'll sure have to excuse"

"Gents, you'll sure have to excuse"

"I stopped a little while after that he doors were fastened. They gave on that had started to slide, and in that were held together. The entire body would wait until they filled their canthrough Judge Baker's private office and out into the hall by another door, to find that David and his Jonathan had it.

"It was dark, a couple of hours be-caught an elevator down.

"I stopped a little while after that he doors were fastened. They gave on that had started to slide, and in that the outer knobs of men in the courtroom rushed back through Judge Baker's private office and out into the hall by another door, to find that David and his Jonathan had him:

"It was dark, a couple of hours be-caught an elevator down. caught an elevator down.

> fastened the out door—a steel hand-cuff slipped over the two knobs and wered, and then a laugh from the locked.

den's second capture through a face specialist, furnished details of a big summer story from a newspaper standpoint. Billings had taken part in the house covered."

It was a voice that Ranger Billings knew, that kidding, bantering voice he had heard in the day coach of the Transcon train. A hand was laid on the conachie, forty years before. A ru-"Be good, Ranger. I always did like sistently as to become tradition, was

Billings didn't lift from his daze until a mathematical example one has for a six-shooter."

it was over and he heard Didsey struggled over the night before. Bil-Dreir's hoarse voice close to his ear: "Our own little Davey of Bolima—" vine toward it, when he heard voices. den's gray eyes steadled upon him Also, the idea of bringing both the sure got a poker face, young fellow. Dryden and his rescuer had slipped Two men, at least, were on their way from the deep shadow of the ferns. boys in gave a fascination to the idea • • • What are you so busy with Dryden and his rescuer had slipped Two men, at least, were on their way from the deep shadow of the ferns. softly out of the double doors into the hall. A roar then from the deputies, a rushing forward to find that the doors were fastened. They gave on darted out to stop a small boulder "Where is your parties, but their floor bolks but the started to slide, and in that "Tell me. That had started to slide, and in that "Tell me. That is a Where is your partner, Dryden?"

". Yes, sir," Didsey Dreir was saying, back in Bolima the next pork. You can lie up safe here. No one comes to this spring." fastened the out door—a steel hand-

first-a laugh Billings had come to

at her table—not on a ranger's salary.

The ranger opened yesterday's paThe ranger opened yesterday's pa

moaning breath. "Hello, Dryden," he said at last, as | Pasadena that Dave was dead. And close as one in the same room.

sheltered seat and a minute later Dry- pull down from bringing in Dryden. hear him, then, a minute ago. You've "Hello, Billings," he said quietly, of his writing a letter to the girl in under your blanket?"
"Your voice was familiar, but I didn't lows. But his heart failed, and that place it for a minute."

He bent forward with a swift movement and caught Dryden's hand. A

slicing bacon and pouring coffee for a and back, when you can't get up?"
man who hasn't fed himself lately."

Fifteen minutes later, Billings had watered his horse and was blowing into life a one-pan fire. Coffee water camped. Billings now heart the

was on to boil.

Roger Dryden spoke:

"Excuse me, ranger, but I'm eating when Dave comes in tonight, and not before. If you heard what he said as wasn't fit to go to Caliente any more contractions."

Contracting new neart the tribute of one bad ony for another. "You saw Dave keep his foot in the day-coach. Why, that kid couldn't die, unless he let go himself. He wasn't fit to go to Caliente any more contracting to the contraction." he was leaving, you must have than I was. Only he's game. That marked that he wouldn't stop in Calicinte for a feed, only to pick up what he could carry and hurry back."

than I was. Only he's game. That kid's so game, ranger, he freezes you, and he's just as square as he is game!" "You won't have breakfast with

fixing themselves upon the wasted blanket and put it over the little man Dryden shook his head.

"I don't see how I can relish the fire with your pal coming in. It would flavors of bacon and coffee under such draw his shot from the brush. I've circumstances." Billings muttered, been feeling a need for the last hour putting the cover on the coffee can, or two to keep out of range from beand bundling up the pork in its can- low. vas sack.

"Sorry," said Dryden, "but you go the said and have your breakfast. You "Dave told me it was only twelve miles over to Caliente and back," he as long without grub as we have. and grub don't matter any more. I'll Billings heard a faint crackle down in training for a regular hunger by the spring, evidently before the strike."

T wasn't easy after that for Ranger and leave him here, while he rode spring."
over to Caliente to head off Dave "What would you do if I did" Drylicomb. Billings just couldn't bring den said, a little breathlessly. himself to coil his lariat around a The ranger drew a gun.
man half-dead from starvation, who wouldn't eat until his pal came. All body would think I was afraid to be the time, the thought was gnawing put out of my misery," he said, pushat him, too, that Dave Ilcomb would run into somebody else's hands on his He was looking into the ranger's run into somebody else's hands on his way, or meet recognition over there in the desert town. The thousands Suddenly his mouth opened and the dollars' reward for the train robber | yell was out: The ranger hopped down from his connection with the stake he could

Dryden was strangely clear headed, rock was in it the size of a duck's



feet lower still. He waited for a ray and provided in the ranger said quietly, factual sunlight to penetrate the ferns. From time to time he heard a unreliable about Dave Ilcomb's wheremoaning breath. abouts. I'm recalling how you said in now your mind wanders about them "Hello---"
"Don't draw, young fellow. It's suiide to draw. What's the matter----day's jaunt to Callente."

whole lot of fun with you up there,

"COME ON, PAL, I'VE GOT EVERY CENT IN THE HOUSE COVERED."

die. He seemed not to hold the slightest grudge against Billings, but there was a deep aching bitterness in his mind against the face surgeon in New THE next afternoon Billings arose, mind against the face surgeon in New Treached for his saddle and walk-

Kelly on more thin two things, though they're th' frindliest iv inimies; an' straight. I had to get the scar cut out of my cheek or run the risk of "Father Kelly says 'tis good fr th' arrest every time I passed a bull on "Two institutes of the scar cut out of my cheek or run the risk of arrest every time I passed a bull on "Two institutes of the scar cut out of my cheek or run the risk of arrest every time I passed a bull on "Two institutes of the colored." "Two institutes of the colored of the scar cut o soul, an' Dock Grogan he says 'tis the street. Dawe and I agreed that good f'r th' body. It comes at th' I'd better have that operation. You r-right time iv th' year, he says, whin see, he was marked for his last job vrybody has had a winther iv stuffin' on the Transcon. He felt pretty safe, himsilves an' floodin' their interpors too, because the word was out he was an' settin' up late at night. It's a kind dead. But he never felt safe for me." "Was he with you when you were arrested in New York?"
"No," Dryden answered. "I didn't

an' we've had too much meat. We quit smokin' because 'tis Lent—an' we have a smokers' heart. We quit dhrink (if job. They picked me up in the street The ranger turned to him que Both Dave and Roger laughe we can drink at all, these days) because it's Lent—an' we want to see if th' brakes ar're wurrukin'. We quit have got his news from the afternoon goin' to th' theaytres because it's Lent papers and followed on by the next oin' to th' theaytres because it a son that the sick iv th' theaytres.

-an' we're sick iv th' theaytres.

If it was as much of a surprise to me, as any one else—what he pulled off in the ourtroom in Pasadena."

'In Lent,' says Father Kelly, 'I get me congregation back.' 'In Lent,' says Dock Grogan, 'I lose mine.'

"Lent,' says Father Kelly, 'brings off in the thicket and munched a bathing nearer hiven.' 'An longer con sandwich by himself. He smoked away, says Dock Grogan.

"It's hard wurruk fr me, but I came to share the dull hopelessness of Dryden, but his mind was confused while the other's was clear. All through the afternoon he studied the "'It makes thim think iv th' next agony of the starving one; not the wurruld," says Father Kelly. 'An' agony for food, but an agony that gives thim a betther hold on this,' called upon heaven and earth for some way to warn his pal. Billings saw the sweat come to Dryden's wasted face, as he listened-looked down toward

> down by the spring. That would lowa and came to live in a new cabin-mean a pistol duel. Billings had had overlooking Haunted Valley and by theabout all the pistol stuff he cared for with a master like Dave Ilcomb; and yet he couldn't bring himself to force a gag into Dryden's mouth, as the shadows of afternoon lengthened, any more than he had found it possible to rope him early in the day. One idea WHAT is said to be the largest rug

bu won't have breakfast with Dryden was shivering in the night the ranger inquired, his eyes cold. Billings brought his saddle ter," he said gently. "I can't start a

Dryden's hopeless eyes stared down

muttered.

"Dryden," he said, bending over the other in the dusk, "I'll have to ask I wasn't easy after that for Ranger you not to make any noise, not to Billings to carry out his halfformed idea to rope Dryden securely pen to hear your partner down by the

"Back, Dave-danger-ranger!" Billings laughed softly. "You

"Uncomfortable lying on, was it: Billings asked. He saw a faint grin on the other's face in the dusk.
"Worked it loose under the blanket? Poor little tool-meant to mash my head in. But I don't blame you

Roger.' The other seemed scarcely to hear. every roused faculty intensely con-centrated down slope toward the spring.
"Your pal's making a little circle to the left, trying to locate where you

are," the ranger went on. "Tell him to come up here and have his sup-The face that looked up at him now from the blanket was harder than anything Billings had seen that daythe face of a man who didn't fear death, but both hated and feared the

double-cross... "That's what I said." Billings re-peated. "I'd have managed different if I hadn't expected you to signal when you heard your pal below. Call to him again who's here, and we'll cook up a little banquet for three. I've been trying to make myself be-lieve I was in the deputy sheriff business, but it won't work-not after

dwelling with you all day."

Dryden shoved his face up still closer to the ranger's. It was luminously gray, sick, frightened, grim with torturing hope.
"Honest to God?" he said hearsely.

"Just that," said Billings, and added: "Tell him I'll go down to help him up here with his packs, if he

likes. It wasn't exactly a merry party. The ranger had to watch that the two didn't shock themselves to death from nourishment. Dave's mind was inclined to ramble a little over his coffee cup. The two had lived five weeks on less than ten days' rations, hiding in the rocks on this slope, The two had lived five never far from the silent spring. Dave Ilcomb had been able to elude he was familiar with every notch and

groove of the vicinity.

York.

"That's the sort of guy they leave wide open in this man's world," he muttered. "You can be a vellow note."

Teached for his saddle and walk-ed out where his horse was tethered. When the saddle was on and the muttered. "You can be a vellow note." muttered. "You can be a yellow polecat, and get by with it."

Billings saw the point, all right, and it didn't make him feel any more comfortable.

"Why, Dave was on an honest-toCatalogue of the state of the whitened fireplace where the two sat up waiting for him. The ranger's hand moved up to his face and his eyes grew mournful. He wasn't pleased with himself and no nearer than be-"Why, Dave was on an honest-to-God job over in the big town, holding gan, don't agree with Father onto a rivet hammer, six or seven on the bad to do a lot for that girl that a

> "I've just got time to ride over to "I've just got time to ride over to the station before dark," he said. "I may be back this way in ten days or two weeks-just for a call. You'll be here, doubtless-

"Yes, ranger," said Dave. "At least that long. It's safer right here by the spring than anywhere else. It's so safe here in this ravine that she's The ranger turned to him queerly. Both Dave and Roger laughed.

"Why, ranger," Dave went on.
"You couldn't turn a trick like you've turned for us and get away with just a thanks and come again. We're goin' over into Mexico a little later, where they'll let us alone, and we'll have a chance to grow up and not be stunted by hiding in cramped places. Roger and I ran onto the secret here at the spring. We've been starvin' to death all these days on Treasure Island. • • • Yes, Mr. Billings, be calm. We've found old McConache's lode, and she's richer than anybody ever said she was. It's no good to us-not for years, anyway, until Drinkwater and his crowd forget. We couldn't dispose of a nickle's worth, but we might be silent part-ners. • In other words, ranger, McConache's lode is yours. Some day we'll let you know where we are over the border. And if you get too clotted with dividends, and we're on

later he rode very throughtfully away toward the station on Little Top. Two months after that a girl left

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World's Largest Rug.

troubled him until he spoke:

"But Dave's been starvin' just as Cleveland. It measures 40 by 65 feet you have. How was he fit to foot it and was made by Czechoslovakian

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Mr. Dooley On a Lenten Sermon BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

O-HO," said Mr. Hennessy, "twinty-eight days to Saint Pathrick's day." "Ar-re ye keepin' Lent?" asked Mr. Dooley.
"I am," said Mr. Hennessy. "I put

th' pipe back iv th' clock day befure yisterdah night. Oh, but th' las' whift iv th' ol' clay was plisint. Ar-re ye keepin' Lent?"

"I'm keepin' Lent, but I'm not goin' up an' down th' sthreet tellin' people

In our fam'ly we've always kept it, "I raymimber seein' me father tuck away th' pipe, cork up th' bottle an'

"F'r us kids Lent was no gr-great hardship. It on'y meant not enough iv something besides meat. I don't iv something besides meat. I don't raymimber much about it excipt that noldup gent we met on the Transcon."

There was one good kid," Dryden said sadly. "Id like to have known him better."

"You mean that market raymimber much about it excipt that on Ash Winsdah ivrybody had a smudge on his forehead; an' afther awhile th' house begun to smell a little iv fish, an' about th' thirtieth day th' ages had thouse here. day th' eggs had thrown off all dis guise an' was just plain, yellow eggs.
"Yes, sir; in our fam'ly we all kept
Lent but me Uncle Mike. He started with th' rest, an' f'r a day or two he wint up an' down th' road whippin' butchers. 'Twas with gr-reat difficulty, Hinnissy, that he was pre-vinted fr'm marchin' into the' neigh-

borin' saloons an' poorin' out th' sthrong wathers on th' flure. "F"r a short distance me Uncle Mike Uncle Michael th' Good S'ciety, an' he wud throw it down an' say to him-wint ar-round inityatin' mimbers. To silf: 'Th' Lives iv' th' Saints f'r eighten fell for in spite of his disfigurement Ash Winsdah mornin' ye'd think he march savagely fr'm th' room, kickin' and the secret ache in his heart about was jus' goln' into th' arena to fight his nieces an' nevvews as he wint. At a line befure th' onholy Roman popy- 4 o'clock in th' afthernoon he was distaken the pains to free me, I couldn't th' Saints' an' set r-readin't t with a horse in th' woodshed, puffin' away at

wud they be now? They'se no mintion iv Saint Jerome goin' without his up lame.

"F'r a short distance me Uncle Mike was th' most pious man I have iver met. At such times he organized th' about him at th' las moment, an' thin like which was the most pious man I have iver met. At such times he organized the like the short the most of the most the most of the most the most the most of the most the most of the most the most of the mos

reat warryor in his day an' th' soul iv we found two loose horses. One good in their day, no doubt, but where tance Christyan champeen. He started away.

"HE WAS DISCOVERED SETTIN' ON A SAWHORSE IN THE WOOD-SHED, PUFFIN' AWAY."

smoke, an' I haven't had a pipe iv tobacky since 12 o'clock last Choosdah night, an' here it's 9 o'clock expict to be canonized in time to show Winsdah mornin'.' "Thin he wud look casully to'rd the "I don't go ar-round cillybratin' Lent. "I don't expict Father Kelly will sind ack iv' th' book to see whether praps an' put in twice as much milk.

Hinnissy, f'r if varchue ain't always necessity, me boy, it's th' next thing to

with th' others, but he always pulled "Th' throuble with him, an' th

throuble with th' rest iv us, is that we th' brief to th' fam'ly at dinner. So I down th' Father Macchew Fife an Dhrum Corps to serenade me because I left that lump iv sugar out iv me tay "No, sir, I congratulate mesilf on me

sthrong will power, an' rayflict that makes people fat. "I am niver goin' to place anny medals on anny wan f'r bein' varchous, nissy? Don't ye see I'm a little thin.

much dhrink doesn't agree with me; modest because I look best that way; modest because I look best that way; rin'rous because I don't want to be in rous because I don't want to be ther man, afther all. How long did thought stingy; honest because iv the wast o Pathrick's day?" OH, yes, he seemed to be sayin, reat warryor in his day an' th' soul iv thought stingy; honest because iv the ye say it was to Pathrick's day?".

They were all r-right, very s-ciety, was not a model f'r a long-dispolls force; an' braye whin I can't r'run

iv a stand off f'r th' Chris'mas holidays. We quit atin' meat because 'tis Lent—

says Dock Grogan.
"'It's relijon,' says Father Kelly. 'It's medicine,' says Dock Grogan. "So I say, no medals, plaze, fr me on account iv that lump iv sugar. I done me joody an' no more. Whin th' dividend me to put in th' lump of divile timpted me to put in th' lump I said: "Get thee behind me, Satan:

The ranger realized he was taking the mover the border. And if you get too clotted with dividends, and we're on its studied the mysterious thing called a fruit ranch and might need some insect poison—"

Billings went down the trail with them toward the spring. A half-hour on account is an on more. Whin the done me jooty an no more. Whin the divide timpted me to put in the lump I said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan; I'm too fat now.' That was all. I a long chance every minute now. If not prevented. Dryden would surely not prevented. Dryden would surely the instant he heard his pal me to do. I don't claim no gratichood. I don't ask f'r anny admiration iv me piety. But don't I look betther, Hin-

ner?"
"Not an inch," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye're th' same hippypotymus ye

the twenty miles to Caliente, there weavers.